James Bonnell Esq.r

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A

TRIP

TO

WEYMOUTH.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A

TRIP

TO

WEYMOUTH.

CHAP. XI. *Continued.*

NOW whether my couſin had ſlept too long, or too ſhort a time, I can't ſay; but, moſt certain it is, that ſhe had ariſen in a very ill humour. 'Tis a queſtion I ſhould like to ſubmit to the deciſion of thoſe learned gentlemen, who ſtudied the due proportion of the non-naturals;

Whether too much, or too little ſleep, would be moſt likely to diſturb the harmony of the animal ſpirits? I have ſince indeed been aſſured by a very ſagacious perſon, that there are divers other cauſes liable to produce a ſimilar effect, if the ſubject be a female, or of that ſpurious kind of animals, who are hitherto placed in the neutral gender, grammarians not having yet determined whether they properly belong to the maſculine or feminine. Various, I ſay, I am told, are the cauſes which might affect thoſe delicate machines: ſuch as the improper colour of a ribbon; the placing a curl awry; or the having too much or too little powder in the hair, &c. &c.—To which ever of theſe cauſes the aſcerbity of my couſin's humour might have been owing, I can't preciſely ſay. Luckily we fell in with a party

party of acquaintance, whose conversation relieved us from the exercise of the domestic shuttlecock; a metaphorical expression, used to denote the alternate striking a pointed retort.

CHAP. XII.

THERE are characters which one now and then meet with, whom we feel ourſelves impell'd to admire independant of the uſual preliminary, a thorough acquaintance. Of this deſcription was a young gentleman, whom a friend of mine, that morning, introduced to our acquaintance: never was I more pleaſingly ſtruck with the indications of refined ſenſe and native urbanity, than were conſpicuous in the ſtranger's manners.—In every ſyllable he utter'd, it was eaſy to perceive the man of literature; but the diſcovery was wholly one's own; for the amiable ſpeaker, indicated no ambition to be conſidered in

that light. When a perſon is at pains to make one ſenſible of his wit, learning, or good qualities, I would not give a ruſh for the whole—we value thoſe qualifications in another which our penetration helps us to find out. Perhaps, ſelf-love is gratified in the diſcovery, and we claim a ſort of honour in being ſharp-ſighted enough to diſcern the merit which is induſtriouſly concealed beneath the veil of modeſty. Mr. L—— was one of the moſt intelligent, as well as the moſt modeſt of human beings. Now, by modeſty, let me not be underſtood to mean that ſheepiſh baſhfulneſs, which is the characteriſtic of narrow and uncultivated minds; nothing could be more oppoſite to this than was the whole demeanour of that young gentleman: his converſation was open and aſſured—his air perfectly genteel,

and while he acquitted himself of every minutiæ consistent with the etiquette of good breeding, he appeared, at the same time, as much at his ease as if he was still in the college of St. Omers. — "The convent of Saint Omers?"—Yes, good reader, one of the politest men I have seen at this, or any other fashionable place of resort, was just arrived from the college of St. Omers.

Now, don't let us esteem it indispensibly necessary, that our youth should study the habits of a gentleman on the theatre of the world, or inth e maxims of a Chesterfield; there are other principles which will do the business much better. And what are those principles? In the first place, a general and solid acquaintance with polite literature—a mind thoroughly

grounded

grounded in the moral and chriſtian virtues; and, laſtly, a heart enlarged by univerſal benevolence, which will naturally branch out into the ſeveral channels of urbanity, and that conſtant attention to pleaſe, on which the compoſition of a well-bred man is fundamentally founded. The acquiſition of learning is by no means the ſole buſineſs of a rational creature; he has an heart to improve, as well as an underſtanding to adorn, and theſe mutually reflect luſtre and value on each other; but this is a truth of which the generality of academicians are not aware; provided the head is ſtored with erudition, the heart is too commonly left as it was, or rather worſe, ſince the acquirements of a mere ſcholar are apt to beget a ſuperciliouſneſs no leſs ſinful than deſtructive of thoſe *agreemens* which are

juſtly valued in ſocial and polite life. The arts of pleaſing are too often conſidered as beneath the dignity of the philoſopher; they certainly are ſo, when mechanically learned as a leſſon; they are then mean, they are hypocritical. I would have no one ſtudy as an art what ought to be the effect of principle: let the heart be duly refined, and the ſocial virtues carefully cultivated, and then an unaffected politeneſs cannot fail of being the natural conſequence.

"What ſtay do you mean to make in England?" aſked my couſin;—but before the gentleman, to whom ſhe had addreſſed the queſtion, could reply, my friend anſwered for him, that he was not without hopes of prevailing on Mr. L—— to reſide in this kingdom, as there was a very lucrative

crative benefice now awaiting his acceptance.

"Ah, Sir!" returned the young ſtudent, "I muſt return once more to my beloved retirement before I dare venture on the world."

Dare venture on the world! what ſingular diffidence was couch'd in that reply! And is the world then ſo formidable to a young ingenuous mind? ſo indeed thought the poet, who tells us that "few bring back at eve immaculate the manners of the morn." But there was a lucrative acquiſition awaiting his acceptance. He prefers the retirement of a cloiſter. Noble diſdain of what conſtitutes the principal object of the purſuits of half the world. Totally different, I am perſuaded, was this refuſal from the

Nolo

Nolo Episcopari of our reverend divines, when called to the preferment which they have industriously sought all their lives: and I have often wondered that our amiable Sovereign, who is truth itself, will allow his loving subjects thus to belye their consciences to his face.

'I admire Mr. L—,' said I to my cousin, as we sat at breakfast. "I should like him much better," she replied, "if he were not a Roman catholic."

'Let us get above these narrow prejudices, I resumed, 'and by the enlargement of generosity, keep our hearts at liberty to reverence a truly deserving character whenever we meet with it: depend on it,' added I, warmly, and laying the two first fingers

fingers of my right hand on the table, by way of giving a ſtreſs to the poſition, 'depend on it, couſin, that true merit, like true religion, is of no ſect.'

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

THERE is nothing in nature ſo frail as human reſolution, when it happens to be attach'd by a temptation of the right ſort; that is, when it chances to be adapted to the ruling paſſion, or to thoſe weakneſſes which we all (however we may boaſt of the contrary) carry about us. In that caſe it twiſts and winds itſelf ſo artfully about the inclinations, that let a man hold out againſt it if he can. My couſin had promiſed a party of acquaintance to meet them at the rooms. On thoſe occaſions, if the lady

lady happens to have a male relation in her ſuite, he is conſider'd as an appendage to her equipage: in ſaying therefore that my couſin had engaged herſelf, is juſt the ſame thing as ſaying ſhe had engaged me. But I will not dance, ſaid I ſecretly, making a vow to that purpoſe: there is ſomething ſo ruſtic in ranting down a country-dance, or a cotillion, amidſt the heat of July! beſides, it appears ſo genteel to lounge with a graceful negligent air on a bench, or ſaunter up and down the room, now and then caſting a curſory glance on the dancers; and if a fine woman happens to be exhibiting the graces of an eaſy air and motion, to cry with a ſtoical apathy, "Aye, ſhe is well enough;—too much inclined to *en bon point*." 'Tis infinitely graceful, and I poſitively will not dance, ſaid I to myſelf. Alas,

Alas, poor Joſeph! little didſt thou ſuſpect the miſchief which the fates were deſigning thee; purely out of ſpite no doubt to ſhake the laurels of thy boaſted reſolution.

I had juſt aſſum'd my conſequential emptineſs. I aſſure the Reader, there is much meaning contained in that apparent contradiction of terms; for what ſo conſequential, I would aſk, as the air of mental deficiency? I ſuppoſe it is owing to the head wanting a proper ballaſt that the body ſometimes moves in that zig-zag motion, which the vulgar call ſtrutting or ſwaggering: people of higher taſte diſtinguiſh by the terms dignity of carriage, air of importance, &c. Now I had juſt aſſum'd this air, which I thought appear'd ſo becoming in many faſhionable young

fellows

fellows in the room, when a female form attracted my attention, whose figure was too interesting to be view'd after the plan of *nonchalance* I had adopted. In short, it was Eliza, whom, though I had indulged some hopes of meeting at Weymouth, the present rencontre was totally unexpected on my part: her eye distinguish'd me among the company, and she perceiv'd my approach towards her with a countenance that express'd my appearance was not unwelcome to her; at least, in the ardour of my feelings, I thus constructed it: the imagination is ever ready to paint what we most earnestly desire. So then the secret is out: what a flippant pen is mine, running on at so confounded a rate, while judgment and discretion limping along after, are every minute vociferating, Stop, stop!

ſtop! I remember, about half a ſcore years ago (juſt as I was return'd from the univerſity) it was whiſper'd in the family, that my couſin Sarah had an admirer; a perſon of a moſt noble pedigree, being, as I believe, collaterally deſcended from Vulcan, a ſtrong ſimilitude between them being legible in his whole perſon, he having but one eye, and was moreover ſomewhat lame. This amiable perſonage, it was ſuppoſed, my couſin eyed with ſome degree of partiality, and I was extremely ſolicitous to fathom the bottom of her heart on the matter; but I could never get her to ſay farther than "Fye, couſin Joſeph!—dear me!—indeed Mr. — is nothing to me."—In truth I begin to ſuſpect ſhe acted wiſely in refuſing to make me her confidant; for, ſince I can't keep my

own

own ſecret, 'tis a thouſand to one but I ſhould have blabb'd her's.

The ſecret then is out, and what ſignifies affecting a myſtery now?— Eliza, fair Eliza, thy dear idea never has been obliterated from this enamour'd heart, ſince that fatal morning which I fear muſt affix the ſtigma of ill-breeding to the name of Joſeph Treadlight for ever:— but thou knoweſt not by what a ſad *faux pas* in the article of good manners I acquired the firſt ſight of thy engaging perſon! No, thanks to my ſtars! thou knoweſt it not, nor ever ſhall, if I can attain but one iota of that wiſdom which conſiſts in the concealing one's own faults.

Tell me, ye illuſtrious ſages, ye venerable characters who ſhine as mirrors of perfection in the midſt of

your poor frail brethren, how do you manage to blind the eyes of the impertinent vulgar, that though ye be very rakes at ſoul, the world ſhall eſteem you religious as ſaints; and tho' ye can make an hearty meal on the laſt ſhilling of the widow or orphan, ye can teach your eyes to overflow with the drops of compaſſion, when a ſtory of diſtreſs *publicly* is founded in your ears! Deign, I beſeech you, to inſtruct a poor mortal in the profound arts by which ye accompliſh all this; a ſmattering in the ſcience would be ſufficient; it is only deſired with the view of making the moſt thoughtleſs giddy-brain'd fellow in the whole creation paſs for a decent character with juſt ſuch a portion of ſobriety and diſcretion as the diſcerning Eliza may deem not unworthy of her approbation.

The

The dance,—the dance!—deuce take it, what occaſion had I to reſolve either pro or con about it:—when a man ſays poſitively he will not do ſuch or ſuch a thing, he ſhould always tag on to the end of the reſolution—*if I can avoid it.*—It would be a prudential reſervation in a country where a diſpenſation from a vow is not eaſily to be obtain'd;—provided one liv'd at Rome, where it could be procured without much waſte of time or money, it would be quite another matter. Now beaux and belles began to flutter about, and form themſelves into cotillion ſets: this confounded vow of mine, Eliza, ſat by my ſide;—the muſic play'd; all was in motion: was ever poor devil in ſuch a torturing dilemma! Oh, Eliza! avert thoſe ſpeaking eyes—that inviting ſmile of con-

deſcenſion—'tis too much—my vow, my vow!—Oh, make not ſhipwreck of my conſcience!

"What is the matter, Sir?" ſaid Eliza, perceiving my agitation,—"you appear diſorder'd; a dance would probably be of ſervice to you."

Ill-fated Joſeph, the very deſtinies conſpire againſt thee! "If, madam," cried I, "you will favour me with your hand—"

The day was loſt, there was no recovering it. Eliza ſmil'd aſſent.—I cared not a pin for my vow. Oh lamentable inſtance of human frailty. Dear Reader, for my ſake, be cautious how thou formeſt a reſolution! and when in the heroiſm of thy fancy tremble, leſt in the end thou proveſt a very Joſeph Treadlight.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

"Now from the world,
"Sacred to ſweet Retirement, lovers ſteal,
"And pour their ſouls in tranſport."

THOMPSON.

BUT notwithſtanding ſhady walks and ſequeſter'd bowers have ſo generally been conſider'd favourable to the *tete-a-tetes* of lovers, I am going to advance a very oppoſite, and, perhaps, novel opinion, by averring that there are no ſcenes ſo well adapted to that purpoſe as a crowded ball-room; nor any moments ſo favourable to expreſſions of the tender kind, as the intervals of a country-dance. If a man has any ſkill in

matters of this kind, he may contrive to get his miſtreſs ſeated by his ſide on a vacant bench, and may there entertain her for an hour together, to far greater advantage than in a preconcerted interview, or a private walk; for there the whole has ſo much the appearance of formal premeditation, that 'tis a thouſand to one if the moſt eloquent addreſs can procure him any thing more than averted looks and cold diſdain. Now in the ſituation I have mentioned, every thing is ſure to make for his ſuit; the object of his paſſion elevated to the very zenith of ſelf-complacency, by the flattering attention paid her on all hands, can poſſibly take nothing amiſs of all that a poor enamour'd ſwain might be bold. On ſuch an occaſion, a cold ſmile or gentle rap of the fan, is to be conſider'd

sider'd as adequate to half a dozen lines of verbal assent, and are such testimonies of approbation as in the general bustle of all around, may be given without the least infringement of female decorum.

"I protest," said Eliza, recollecting that we had been absent from the dance nearly half an hour, "we shall really appear singular."

'Twas enough—the sweet timidity of the suggestion, and the rosy glow which tinctured her cheek as she spoke, was sufficient to fan every spark of love into that lively flame which pervades the whole soul of a fav'rid lover; and I pity the blockhead, if such an one there be, who would not have given it a similar interpretation.

CHAP. XV.

A Perſon addicted to an habit of ſpeculation, will, on taking a view of the numerous crowds which reſort to our faſhionable bathing-places, feel himſelf inclined to indulge reflections not entirely to the honour of the far greater part of the company; whom he will ſuſpect to be led thither by a turn for diſſipation, or an impatience of the dull round of domeſtic ſcenes. But ſuch cynical obſervers ſhould conſider, that the love of company is among the

the natural propenſities of human nature, and ſprings from thoſe very faculties which diſtinguiſh man as a ſocial animal. In order however to ſecure all the advantages which ſuch an affection is capable of procuring to the ſoul, ſome delicacy and diſcretion is neceſſary in conducting it; for an unremitted ſucceſſion of mixed company, will afford only wearineſs and diſguſt to a mind of ſenſibility, which finds nothing intereſting in the world at large, but pines to expand itſelf in the agreeable interchanges of free and unreſerv'd converſe, and thoſe finer feelings which ariſe from the enjoyment of a limited circle of ſelect and valuable acquaintance. In making this reflection, I am naturally led to felicitate myſelf on that inſtance of good fortune which, during my ſtay at Weymouth, furniſh'd

me

me with as agreeable a ſet of particular companions as ever form'd a ſocial circle.

We had ſet apart one day for the purpoſe of making an excurſion to the Iſle of Portland; and I think I may venture to ſay, we ſet out on that pleaſurable ſcheme as happy a little party as ever embark'd in the purſuit of amuſement; perhaps as ſucceſsful an one alſo, ſince with minds exactly attuned to the enjoyment of ſuch ſimple pleaſures as almoſt every incident is capable of affording to an artleſs taſte, unſour'd either by prejudice, pride, or ambition, the amuſements we ſought were not difficult to be found.

As we were enjoying a ride on horſeback round the Iſland, feaſting our

our eyes with the grandeur of the ſea-proſpects around us, the horſe on which Eliza was ſeated ſuddenly took fright, and, bounding off with aſtoniſhing rapidity, muſt, in a few moments, have thrown its fair rider with fatal force to the ground, had not at that moſt critical moment a gentleman, apparently of the military order appear'd, and with great preſence of mind ſeizing the fleeting animal, caught its lovely burden in his arms, half dead with the moſt terrific apprehenſions. At that inſtant I preſented myſelf before the preſerver of Eliza, and was about to expreſs the warm emotions I felt for ſo friendly and courageous a conduct; when he prevented me, by politely ſaying, that he was already rewarded by the opportunity of rendering that aſſiſtance—" to a lady,"

added

added he (raiſing his voice to a pitch of ardour) "one of that ſex which I venerate and eſteem." A tear gliſten'd in his eye as he utter'd the latter part of his ſpeech; it fell on a miniature-picture that hung by a blue ribbon at his boſom; he had rais'd it to his lips. "Yes," he reſum'd, in the ſame tone of enthuſiaſtic warmth with which a pilgrim pours his vows before the ſhrine of his Saint, "yes, thou beſt of human kind! I dedicate myſelf to the ſervice of that ſex of which thou waſt ſo glorious an embelliſhment."

The reſt of the company had now join'd us. Mr. D——, the brother of Eliza, had heard the apoſtrophe. I obſerv'd him to wipe his eyes, and addreſſing me in a low voice,

"I can

"I can assure you," said he, "that gentleman is one of the best characters of the age; I know him well; but he has met with some misfortunes of a private nature, which have given a singular, and indeed affecting colouring to his manner; and some time I will give you his story."

The Officer had by this time recollected himself sufficiently to return the compliments of the whole company with perfect ease and politeness. Good manners (to say no more) would have impell'd me to request the obliging stranger to favour us with his company for the remainder of the day; but the truth was, there was something about him which had won so much on the good opinion of every one present, that before I had

expres'd

expressed the invitation, it had become the unanimous wish of the whole party. The Officer had no particular engagement; he had only been led thither by the design of enjoying a morning ride, and therefore hesitated not to comply with our request. If the Reader has as much curiosity to hear the story of that gentleman as I had to learn it from my friend, Mr. D——, he will not be displeased at my abridging a relation of the occurrences of the day, by briefly saying that as every body was in excellent spirits, it was spent with the most agreeable conviviality.

At our return to Weymouth, the Officer took a polite leave of us; and after supper the clergyman acquitted himself of his promise, by giving us a sketch of that gentleman's

man's history, in nearly the following words:—

"Mr. Barclay is the son of a country gentleman of good fortune, and was educated in a style calculated to render him an ornament of the estate to which he was apparent heir. Endow'd with a liberal understanding, he soon made a rapid advance in classical and polite learning; and, if his accomplishments endear'd him to a fond father, they also tended to conciliate the love and esteem of all his acquaintance. But to the advantages of a cultivated understanding, young Barclay poſſeſs'd a heart replete with the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility; that ſenſibility, Sir, render'd him tenderly ſuſceptible of the charms of a young lady, who was daughter to the rector of the village in which he liv'd.

Maria

Maria was the moſt complete miſtreſs of every perſonal and intellectual accompliſhment: but tho', both by nature and education, ſhe was fitted to move in the moſt elevated ſphere of life, her deſtiny forbade her to hope for the poſſeſſion of any patrimonial portion: on the contrary, it was generally ſuppoſed that at her father's deceaſe, ſhe muſt become one of thoſe pitiable females whoſe only fortune is their merit. This circumſtance in the eſtimation of her lover could ſuggeſt no obſtacle to the indulgence of his paſſion; but to the eye of paternal ambition it appear'd in a very different light.

The old gentleman had fallen into an error common enough with rich fathers: he thought that as his ſon would one day be affluent, it was neceſſary

neceſſary he ſhould ſelect a wife of the ſame deſcription, though, in the view of reaſon, a very oppoſite argument ought to be derived from ſuch a conſideration. In fine, young Barclay was forbade to indulge a tenderneſs, which was now become almoſt one with his very exiſtence. Under ſuch a reſtraint, he began by degrees to loſe the innocent vivacity which till then had been a leading feature in his character. The education he had receiv'd, a knowledge more converſant with books than men, had given a ſort of romantic turn to his thoughts, and improv'd the natural warmth of a lively imagination to a degree of enthuſiaſtic ardour; though I think it impoſſible for him to have aſcribed a higher degree of merit to the lovely Maria than ſhe really poſſeſs'd; it is not to

be doubted but that ſuch a diſappointment would have a more ſerious effect on one of that turn of temper, than on a perſon of more ſuperficial attainments, and leſs addicted to the habit of reflection. Thoſe ſcenes which once were delightful, could now afford him only a painful laſſitude; and he found no charms in life itſelf, ſince he had no longer the proſpect of paſſing it with Maria.

The world, Sir, ſits as an arbitrary cenſor on the actions of mankind, and, in one indiſcriminate ſentence, involves all who are apparently guilty of ſimilar errors; whereas the different circumſtances, prejudices, or diſpoſitions of the culprit, have a power of imparting a very different nature to actions ſuperficially the ſame. I offer this remark as a previous

vious apology for a ſtep which prudence could not excuſe, and which, in order to eſtimate impartially, it is neceſſary we ſhould endeavour to enter into the feelings of the young gentleman at the time of his committing it. Let us then picture to ourſelves a youth of keen ſenſibility and lively paſſions, unhacknied in modes of worldly prudence, unvitiated by its criminal pleaſures; taught by books, by uncorrupted nature to form the moſt exalted ideas of ſocial happineſs, and accuſtomed from the early dawn of reaſon to aſſociate thoſe ideas with the image of one virtuous maiden of a ſoul congenial to his own.

This gay picture, which his warm imagination has been long delineating, is obliterated by parental authority:

rity: he is commanded to relinquish the only prospect he has form'd of happiness; he is told to obey the suggestions of avarice, the passion to which his generous soul is totally a stranger. Thus disappointed in his tenderest views, he wanders, listless, dejected over his native scenes; but they no longer please, because the transporting feelings which once gave them zest are repress'd. Solitude but nourishes the most painful reflections; he wishes for a different scene; a new society with which to mingle, that he might forget if possible himself. In such a state of mind, can we be surprized that he should quit the residence of a father, who appears so little regardless of his real happiness? He falls in with a party of the military; their gaiety of deportment persuades him, that in their company he shall

ſhall find the ſolace of his ſecret ſorrows. In fine, in the emotions of deſpair, he enliſts as a volunteer in his Majeſty's ſervice.

Such a ſtep could only irritate his father beyond the probability of forgiveneſs; he eaſily perſuaded himſelf that it aroſe from the want of duty in a ſon who, in conſequence of ſuch a conduct, he determined to conſider only as an abandon'd libertine: he utterly diſcarded him from his regard, and ſent him the cruel order to ſee his home no more.

It is probable that young Barclay's ſituation of mind prevented him from receiving the mandate with any great concern. He applied himſelf with the utmoſt diligence to acquire the knowledge neceſſary to the profeſſion he

had adopted; and his paſſion for letters yielded a delightful ſolace of his ſecret anxieties, at the ſame time proving an effectual barrier againſt that taſte for diſſipation and vicious pleaſures, which is but too apparent in that line of life. His leiſure hours were ſpent in his own apartment, which he had fortunately been enabled to furniſh with a collection of the beſt authors. Thoſe ſciences which are more immediately connected with the profeſſion of a ſoldier, were his delight; and theſe ſtudies he ſometimes varied, by adverting to the labours of the beſt hiſtorians. Polybius and Xenophon were his amuſing and inſtructive companions; nor did he wiſh to reſign ſuch converſe for the looſe and vulgar purſuits of the generality of his companions.

Such

Such uniformity and propriety of conduct, together with a certain dignity of manners, which discover'd an education far superior to the common standard, could not but attract the notice of his Officers; nor did it fail to recommend him to the esteem of the most discerning and intelligent among them; the Colonel of the regiment, in particular, favour'd him with many indubitable marks of regard; and it was not long before our young volunteer was prefented with a pair of Colours, by means of that gentleman. This advancement, founded solely on merit, afforded Mr. Barclay an opportunity of discovering more fully the many amiable traits of his character; and though the advantage of a handsome person was improved by the military air, the accomplishments of the man of

letters, added conſpicuous luſtre to the ſoldier. In ſhort, his practical knowledge, perſonal merit, and family connections (which were now no ſecret) made a ſpeedy way for his farther advancement: and, though merit is not always, nor perhaps often the ladder to military preferment, young Barclay's good fortune ſo effectually ingratiated him in the eſteem of his ſuperiors, that at the breaking out of the American war, a Captain's commiſſion was preſented to him.

It was now that his ſtill faithful heart ventured once more to indulge the fond hope of an union with the charming Maria, who was now become an orphan, reduced to an abject dependence on friends. A Captain's pay would, he thought, amply enable

enable him to ſupport her; and her friendleſs ſituation afforded additional arguments for his enforcing a propoſal of immediate marriage. Maria, whoſe tender breaſt could admit no object but its beloved Barclay, was prevail'd on to conſent. They were married, and certainly conſtituted as faithful and bleſt a pair as ever wore the hymeneal chain. But, at the end of a few months, the happy lover was torn from the arms of his adored wife, the regiment to which he belong'd being order'd to America. Had it been poſſible, ſhe would gladly have accompanied him to the ſeat of war; but a ſeparation was inevitable. The dreadful hour arrives, which tears them from each other—let us paſs it over in ſilence.

Some

Some time after the arrival of the troops in America, the Captain was order'd on a reconnoitering party: they fell in with some of the enemy; a skirmish enſued, in which he acquitted himſelf with unparallel'd bravery: but he was wounded, while by the moſt heroic example he animated his companions to exertions beyond the common bounds of martial valour. Maria was inform'd of her huſband's gallantry and misfortune at the ſame time: no force of argument could reſtrain the emotions of her conjugal affection from prompting her to undertake a voyage to America: ſhe embark'd in the firſt ſhip, and arrived on the hoſtile plain. Capt. Barclay rais'd his half-cloſed eye-lids to behold the deareſt bliſs on earth—his tender and adored wife, who from that moment became his nurſe;

nurſe; nor would ſhe quit his ſight, till by her aſſiduities ſhe had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him reſtored to health and vigour: but a long and painful period had elapſed ere this deſirable event ſucceeded to her unremitted cares; the wound, though not immediately mortal, was of the moſt dangerous kind; and the anguiſh of its pain had ſo much emaciated the ſufferer, that his death was for a conſiderable time expected to be the certain though lingering iſſue.

It is to be imagined, that the exalted tenderneſs ſubſiſting between this faithful pair, had acquired by this event a ſtill more delicate, more ineffable nature. On his ſide, gratitude improv'd eſteem; on her's, ſympathy, compaſſion, and all the tender feelings ariſing from the ſight

of

of a beloved and ſuffering object, contributed to refine their union to ſomething more than conjugal affection; it became an elevated, a ſeraphic ſentiment.

Amidſt the inconveniencies, the diſcomforts of a warlike camp, Maria continued with her gallant huſband, invoking Heaven for his protection, and ſtifling the heaving ſigh, which her apprehenſions for his ſafety frequently excited. Sometimes a pellucid drop, in ſpite of her reſiſtance, would make its way down her lovely cheek; but the ardour of the Soldier was invulnerable to the ſoftenings of female timidity; like another Hector ſoothing his Andromache, he would calm her fears by the aſſurance of an All-directing Hand diſpoſing of the fate of armies, and over-ruling the event.

event of war. But a perpetual ſeries of alarms, in time, diſturb'd the animal œconomy, and viſibly impair'd the delicacy of her conſtitution.

Capt. Barclay, tho' unremittingly attentive to the martial duties of his ſtation, was too obſervant of his faithful wife, not to notice the apparent decline of her health; he warmly urged her to return to England, but in vain. "Shall I," ſaid ſhe, "be leſs anxious when at a diſtance from you! on the contrary, my fears would become more formidable, when heighten'd by imagination, and exaggerated by uncertain intelligence: if here they are irkſome, there they would be inſupportable."

At length the happy dawn of peace darted a glorious welcome beam: contending armies, weary of plunging the enſanguined ſteel in the boſoms of friends, brothers, countrymen, hail'd with exultation its approach. The hoſtile cannon ſuſpended its thunder; the ſword of war was ſheathed, and a ceſſation of hoſtilities ſucceeded. In this joyful interval, Capt. Barclay prevail'd on his Lady to return to England, to obtain, as he fondly hoped, a recovery of her health, from the ſalubrity of her native air; ſoothing her at the ſame time with the pleaſing probability of being himſelf at liberty to follow her in a ſhort time. He entruſted her to the care of a friend: favourable gales fill the ſpreading ſails, and, by a ſafe and ſpeedy paſſage, Mrs. Barclay was wafted to her natal ſhore; but during

the voyage, had the misfortune to loſe her infant ſon, which ſhe had preſented to her fond huſband in the courſe of the campaign.

Capt. Barclay's regiment happen'd to be among the firſt who were recall'd from America. Impatient to behold again his belov'd wife, whom he adored as the firſt and beſt of womenkind, he embarked for England, and, on his arrival, flew to the village which contained his all. But who can even obſcurely image the diſtraction of his faithful breaſt, when he found her cold in the icy arms of death!—Alas, Sir, the amiable and lovely Maria had breathed her laſt a few weeks before his arrival! the dank ſod was now her pillow, and the graſſy turf conceal'd that breaſt which had once been animated by the

the kindeſt, nobleſt of human affections.

Here the worthy narrator pauſed to pay the tribute of reſpect to the memory of ſuch unaffected worth and poignant ſorrow; nor was there a dry eye in the room. Eliza ſobb'd aloud! the philoſopher of St. Omer's heav'd a deep ſigh! he elevated his eyes to heaven, and wiped away the tear which bedew'd his cheek! I ſaw religion in the action! while the gloomy ſceptic ſees nothing but miſery and confuſion in the moral world, that exalted ſentiment reconciles every ſevere diſpenſation of Providence with the idea of infinite love and wiſdom, and draws the pious concluſion, That whatever is—is right—is beſt.

"During the Captain's reſidence in America," reſum'd the clergyman, "an alteration favourable to his intereſt had taken place in the ſentiments of the old gentleman his father. Whether the gallant character of his ſon, which fame loudly reſounded had ſhamed his unnatural diſregard, or the ſoft pleadings of nature had awaken'd a tender regret, cannot be determined: however, he made a will, which, in regard of pecuniary matters, did him ample juſtice; and, dying ſhortly after, the Captain at his return found himſelf the ſole heir of a great eſtate and handſome manſion. But the recoiling of parental tenderneſs, which a few years before would probably have ſecured his felicity, had now no power to excite one pleaſurable ſenſation. When the Will was preſent-

ed to him, he threw it carelesly on the floor, exclaiming, with the vehemence of woe, "Mere useless bauble! riches never purchased the bliss I once enjoy'd; it is not in their power to compensate for its loss."

Dead to all the allurements of life, this unfortunate Officer threw up his commission, and retired to indulge his sorrows in his paternal mansion. But while his grief was that of the tendereſt husband and most impassion'd lover, it was also consistent with those christian principles which he reverenc'd from conviction. He bow'd submission to the stroke which had deprived him of all he held dear on earth, till by degrees his sorrow subsided into that tender melancholy which ever since has mark'd his character; though it is of that kind

which, while it represses the ardour of vivacity, does not, as you have seen, prevent him from appearing on some occasions the intelligent and pleasing companion. His constant heart cherishes the memory of the dear departed Maria with so enthusiastic an ardour, which, while it precludes every idea of a second marriage, leads him to indulge an almost romantic veneration for the sex; and the honour he pays to her memory is shewn by profound respect for every woman of virtue and character."

Here Mr. D—— concluded his relation, and received the thanks of all present, whom the story had so deeply interested, that none seemed inclined to quit the topic, or those moral and pathetic reflections which

the ſeveral incidents it contained naturally ſuggeſted. The hour of midnight had indeed been long elapſed, and when at length we retired, I am convinced it was with that ſoften'd diſpoſition of ſoul, which of all others is uſually friendly to thoſe generous ſympathies which refine and dignify the human heart.

CHAP. XVI.

"IT is abſolutely the fineſt ſight in the world," ſaid my couſin, on ſeeing the Royal viſitors embark on their little cruiſe to the Portland-road.

'If,' replied I, 'you mean by that expreſſion to convey an idea of the grandeur which ſuch a ſpectacle receives merely from the preſence of ſuch illuſtrious perſonages, I think it admits of ſome limitation. A King and Queen, couſin, are to be ſeen in

many parts of the world; but a King and Queen who, diſcarding the ſplendour of Royalty, can inſpire love and reverence without it; who, condeſcending to lay aſide their pre-eminence, can yet preſerve their ſovereignty in the hearts of their people, are, it is true, but rarely ſeen: in this ſenſe, Weymouth perhaps at this time exhibits a ſcene not to be paralleled in the univerſe; and therefore I agree with you in its being the fineſt ſight in the world.'

'Take it in what ſenſe you please,' cried ſhe, 'as long as you allow the propriety of the expreſſion.'

'Your ſex,' returned I, 'ſeldom diſcriminate the contingent attractions of ſhew from conſiderations of

a more solid nature. The Spectator, who I think is pretty much your friend, attacks this levity. You remember the story of Sisera; how strikingly is the woman there characterized."

My heart smote me the very moment I had utter'd so sarcastic an observation. Luckily for me, at the humiliating instant, just as I was exchanging the insolence of triumph for the painful consciousness of self-reproach, we were join'd by Eliza and her brother. My cousin immediately addressing the lady, exclaim'd, "I am vastly happy, Madam, you have join'd us, for this relation of mine has been most unmercifully severe on our sex; your presence will recall him to order."

"Indeed," replied Eliza, "I did not ſuſpect he had any thing of the cynic about him."

—My heart gave me a moſt confounded twinge.

'Nor have,' ſaid I; 'for I will give you your revenge, my dear couſin, by confeſſing that if ever the quieſcent mode of philoſophy which I have adopted, was in danger of being ruffled, it is at the preſent time, when I ſee the ſupreme ſtation of life capable of exhibiting ſuch a dazzling luſtre as would tempt the moſt mortified man to look up to it with ſomething more than admiration; not that there is any thing even in the zenith of mere regality capable of producing this ſentiment. No, 'tis an object too remote for

common

common ambition; we contemplate it as we do the ſun, with admiring and enjoying its beams, without deſiring a nearer acceſs to its reſplendency. But theſe heart-felt joys—theſe genuine teſtimonies of loyalty and affection, are not merely the ſuffrages of royalty, they are the effuſions of thoſe ſacred feelings which ſuperior goodneſs ever excites in the human ſoul. Now the applauſe which is thus acquired, is at once the object and reward of the virtuous mind. Under ſo plauſible a pretext, the philoſopher may be excuſed if he ſhould indulge a ſecret wiſh that the fates had made him exactly ſuch a prince. Nay, I do not ſee how any perſon, except an inanimate ſtoic, incapable of being affected either by virtue or vice, can anſwer for himſelf in the preſent juncture. I ſuſpect,

added

added I, addressing myself to the clergyman, that Diogenes, had he liv'd in our days, would have lost much of that apathy by which he is characterized.'

'The philosopher of Synope,' replied he, "could see nothing in the character of Alexander to move his admiration or regard. Had he been favour'd with the presence of such a prince as ours——

'Pshaw!' interrupted I hastily, 'could the character of the robber of Asia compare with that of a patriot king!'

'And what,' said my cousin, 'is a patriot king?'

'I have fully answer'd the question, Madam,' cried I briskly, having

ing taken her hand, and directed her forefinger to the boat in which at that inſtant the perſon of his moſt gracious Majeſty was apparent.

"I deny it," ſaid ſhe, "we well know who is a patriot king; I wiſh'd you to delineate the properties of one."

My coufin had her revenge.

"Come, Sir," ſaid the divine, ſmiling, "you find there is no retreating; the lady requires your ideas on the ſubject."

'And they are heartily at her ſervice,' I replied, 'tho' certainly there can be nothing novel in ſaying that a prince may contribute much to the grandeur, the proweſs, and the wealth

of

of his people, without becoming in any degree deserving that glorious appellation. A taste for magnificence and liberal designs, the thirst of conquest, and desire of martial glory in the reigning sovereign, may effect all this; but it is possible he may all this while be totally unacquainted with those maxims of sound policy, on the due exertion of which, depends the real welfare of society.

It cannot be denied, but that Alexander exalted the Macedonian name to the highest pitch of glory: but while he gave them a taste for war, and render'd them, both by example and reward, formidable in arms, was it ever suggested that his people were more happy, because the terror of their name had spread even to the farthest verge of the then known world? Ro-

Romulus added extenſive territories to the city he had founded; he, 'tis true, eſtabliſhed the Roman name; but it was Numa, in fact, who laid the baſis of its glory. And, who perceives not, that the extenſive conqueſts which that renown'd people made in aftertimes, which brought to Rome the wealth of nations, and enrich'd her with the ſuperb ſpoils of Aſiatic luxury, were the remote but certain cauſe of her deſtruction, even in the moſt illuſtrious æra of her power, the cauſes of its future diſſolution were inevitably laid?

It is not then the ſovereign who is intent on enlarging the boundaries of his dominions, but he who wiſely governs by the rules of ſound policy, who is attentive even to the minuteſt channels by which juſtice can be diſtributed.

tributed through the land, who honours agriculture, encourages the useful arts, protects commerce, and watches with a truly paternal eye over the liberties, morals, and well-being of his people. He, Sir, alone is the patriot king.

Peter of Russia was highly deserving the appellation of Great; but were I to fix the period of his life most proper for bestowing it, it should certainly be that, when in a private character, he sought a practical knowledge of those arts by which he was afterwards enabled to carry into effect the noblest schemes for enlightening and benefitting his subjects.

Popularity, I conceive, is by no means an indiscriminate mark of a good

good prince. There are qualities of so specious a nature, that when combined with the lustre of royalty, they have a sort of fascinating power on the minds of the multitude. The good humour of Charles the Second had this ascendancy; which he might have applied to a most dangerous use, had not his natural indolence and love of pleasure prov'd a bar to arbitrary designs.

A patriot king must possess a certain degree of fortitude; since factions, especially in a mix'd government, will unavoidably be often form'd of the discontented, the ambitious, or unprincipled part of a free people. In such cases, he must be firm to the purposes of public good; of greatness of mind sufficient to enable him to despise the

arrows

arrows of calumny, and even to bear an unpopular odium, rather than recede from any meaſures which have been ſuggeſted by right reaſon and ſound policy. But, on the other hand, there may be occaſions when the ſacrifice of his own private opinions may be neceſſary to the general harmony. Here then he will not heſitate to practiſe a truly noble ſelf-denial, and with paternal indulgence reſign his own wiſhes to thoſe of his ſubjects.

Another trait in ſo illuſtrious a character, and that indeed the groundwork of all the reſt, is private virtue. The father of his people muſt in reality be a good man, if but to advantage his ſubjects by the force of example, ſince the moral and ſocial virtues, when illuſtrated on the throne,

cannot

cannot but have the happieſt influence on ſociety at large. If he would be ſecure of that loyalty which is only permanently founded on chriſtian principles, he muſt himſelf evince a genuine piety. Would he reſtrain the tide of luxury, which is more deſtructive to national welfare than even the ſword, he muſt ſet an example of moderation.

Theſe, I think, are ſome of the outlines of the character you injoin me to delineate: but if the picture ſtill wants colouring, you have only to turn your attention to the illuſtrious original, from whom this piece is imperfectly ſketch'd."

My friend was juſt going to reply, when, being join'd by other company, the diſcourſe dropp'd. My

couſin, in a low voice told me, that ſhe had engaged to dine with Miſs D——, adding interrogatively, 'you are not pre-engaged?'

"And if I were, Madam," bowing, "your engagement muſt undoubtedly ſuperſede all others."

'Your moſt obedient, my very polite couſin!' courteſying facetiouſly, 'I cannot but admire the happy facility by which a *ſecret inclination* is conceal'd under that moſt egregious complaiſance!'

Eliza had doubtleſs overheard our chit-chat; for, on looking in her face, I ſaw it tinctured with crimſon. Now it being univerſally allow'd that a bluſh might differ much in its nature, according to the motive

by

by which it is excited, I will comprize the whole of that ſweet illuſtration of beauty under three diſtinct heads.—There is, I conceive,

Firſt, The bluſh of anger.

Secondly, The bluſh of modeſty.

Thirdly, The bluſh of complacency.

As I have never diſcover'd the ſmalleſt indication of irraſcibility in the temper of Eliza, I ſhall paſs over the firſt without farther inveſtigation. The ſecond is that delicate expreſſion of innate purity which repels the outrages of rude licentiouſneſs; and tho' there are ſome faces which can retain an unimpaſſion'd air amidſt the inſults of a double *entendre*, yet I

believe even the ſavage who dares to utter it, would think the deepeſt glow of reſentment on ſuch an occaſion an amiable ornament of female beauty. As there was nothing in the preſent inſtance to inſpire a bluſh of this nature, the crimſon hue on Eliza's lovely cheek, is conſequently reducible to the third head of this definition, and could be no other than a tacit indication that the inuendo of my couſin had excited no very diſagreeable emotions in her breaſt.

The Reader is by this time pretty well apprized of my propenſity to appropriate the faireſt ſide of an argument to my own advantage; and though I perceive I ſhall not eſcape the imputation of vanity or imprudence on the occaſion, I ſhall only reply, May thy charming face, Eliza, ever

ever wear the ſame vivid tincture of the roſe, as long as thou forbiddeſt me not to conſtrue it in the ſame tranſporting light, and then let prudes and critics rail, if they will.

CHAP. XVII.

ONE of the firſt of poets aſſures us, that Solitude ſometimes is beſt Society. This I apprehend can only be the caſe when the mind is at perfect unity with itſelf; or, in other words, is ſufficiently at eaſe to be able to make a comfortable meal on its own reflections. For my own part, I acknowledge, that though no Solitaire, I have ſeldom or ever found myſelf averſe to the entertainment: and as this my excurſion had even

added

added a poignancy to the mental reliſh, I ſtrolled one evening quite alone towards the ſpot where are yet extant the ruins of Weymouth Caſtle. The Royal Family at Weymouth no body could be ſuppoſed viſible in ſo retired a ſituation, but an eccentric ſingular mortal like myſelf: I found, however, a ſimilar inclination, for retirement had pervaded others of the human race; for, ſeated on a fragment of the rock, I perceiv'd two ladies apparently in earneſt diſcourſe. The winds wafted a tender ſigh to my ear, which I inſtantly return'd by the impulſe of ſympathy. My heart would have impell'd me to the ſpot from whence it proceeded: it whiſper'd ſomething of offering the balm of conſolation to a fellow traveller on the rugged walk of life. 'Pſhaw!' cried I, 'it would be impertinent,

againſt all rule!' But, in ſpite of the reſtraints of modern cuſtom, I found myſelf advanced three paces towards the penſive fair, when I ſaw a young man approaching them, of a moſt graceful exterior, and an air rais'd far above that of the vulgar. One of the ladies inſtantly utter'd an exclamation expreſſive, as I thought, of ſurprize; but I was not near enough to diſtinguiſh the particular articulation. The youth caſt himſelf at her feet, and the ſcene became too tender for the prying eyes of impertinent curioſity. I immediately withdrew, though not without retaining ſuch an impreſſion of the intereſting figures I had ſeen, as convinced me that I ſhould not fail to recognize them again, if ever it ſhould be our fate to meet.

Five or ſix days afterwards, as I was walking with ſome friends on the Eſplanade, I diſtinguiſh'd among the company the ſame young lady, who had appear'd ſo deeply intereſted in the ſcene before-mentioned. She was leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, whoſe groteſque appearance attracted the notice of every one preſent.

"It is Sir Godfrey Grizzleden," ſaid a gentleman of our party, "the moſt ſingular being in the whole rational creation."

'And the Lady ——'

"Is his daughter, Sir; as remarkable for her amiable character as the father is ridiculous for the ſingularity of his. He is a profeſs'd antiquarian; but

but of ſo little of either taſte or diſcernment, that he is perpetually the dupe of every deſigning knave, who finds an intereſt in impoſing on him."

I could not help expreſſing my fears, that a perſon of ſuch a turn was leſs ſenſible of the value of ſo charming a daughter than he ought to be.

"Your ſuggeſtion is perfectly well-founded, Sir," reſum'd the gentleman, "the old knight is indeed totally indifferent to the perfections of ſo amiable a child, while he doats on a rough ſtone, or a piece of ruſty iron, which he thinks carries with it the ſtamp of antiquity. He ſeems, in ſhort, to conſider her as an incumbrance, which he is deſirous of diſpoſing of to the beſt advantage; and,

with

with this view, has chosen for her future husband, an old rich miser, who is as disagreeable a character as himself."

'But if I mistake not,' said I, 'the Lady has selected for herself a very different lover.'

"I know not," he resum'd, "by what means you acquired that intelligence, but the conjecture is well-founded. There has long subsisted a secret tenderness between her and the youngest son of my lord F——. It is totally unknown to the father, since there seems a moral certainty that he would prove obstinately averse to it; for Mr. F——, though perfectly amiable and accomplish'd, is not rich; and, if he were, it is probable that the knight would not be prevail'd

prevail'd on to recede from the agreement he has made with the old wretch he has choſen. I have the honour of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. F——, who is lately return'd from his travels, and I believe now arrived at this place ſolely with the view of enjoying Miſs Grizzleden's preſence. On the other hand, I have for ſome years been on very good terms with Sir Godfrey: yet, in order to prevent him from rendering his only child miſerable, and to facilitate, if poſſible, a more agreeable match for her, for which one day I am convinced he would thank me, I have been endeavouring to contrive a ſcheme for that end."

'The deſign,' ſaid I,' is generous; but, from what you have ſaid, it appears no very practicable buſineſs.'

"That

"That remains to be tried. But here comes Mr. F——, whom I was convinced was the identical gentleman I had ſeen in my ſolitary ramble. After ſome deſultory diſcourſe, the perſon who had juſt given me a deſcription of Sir Godfrey, began with much good humour to rally his friend on the motive of his preſence at Weymouth, and then proceeded to tell him that he had contrived a little ſcheme to render it effectual to his wiſhes. Mr. F. ſeem'd to hear his diſcourſe with perfect indifference, or rather with the air of one who doubted of the plauſibility of any meaſure for that purpoſe. "Prythee repreſs thy raillery, Reynolds," ſaid he; "merely to be receiv'd as a viſitor in the knight's family, is no difficult matter to effect; but——"

"But

'But you wiſh to be conſider'd there in a more particular light," interrupted the other. Why, man, that is what I mean to bring about; here are none but friends preſent, therefore I heſitate not to unfold my deſign. In the firſt place, you know that Sir Godfrey profeſſes himſelf one of the venerable ſociety of antiquarians.'

"Well, and what would you infer from that?"

'That you ſhall commence one alſo.'

"An antiquarian, of all characters—rather transform me into that of a Jack Pudding, which I am ſure of ſucceeding much better in."

'Pho,

'Pho, pho!' nothing is eaſier than what I propoſe—you have been in Italy?——'

"True."

'You have viſited the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeia.'

"Yes."

'You have been in Greece—ſeen the poor remains of Corinthian and Athenian grandeur?'

"Granted."

'Why then, my lad, you ſhall pick up ſome crumbling fragments of the rocks hereabouts; it ſhall be a ſpecimen of the cement from the temple of Ceres at Athens. I will

provide

provide you with an old-fashion'd vase or two; there shall be antiques from Pompeia; and cannot you contrive to scrawl over a few characters on a scrap of dirty vellum, as a fragment of an ancient Greek manuscript, purchased at a great price of an Armenian priest?'

"Pshaw, Reynolds, whither would thy levity transport thee! dost thou think I would condescend to such a base deception?"

'Why, where would be the baseness? Stratagems you know are allowable in love as well as war; and I hope you do me the justice to believe, that were it to obtain any sinister end, I should blush to open myself on such a subject: but, in the present case, should you be success-

ful,

ful, would it be in any diſhonourable light?"

'No, certainly! and I have the vanity to think, that, were it not for ſome characteriſtic prejudices, the knight would be far from rejecting my paſſion for his daughter.'

"Nay, I am aſſured of that. What is it then intimidates you? I will pledge my honour for the ſucceſs of the ſcheme, and that you ſhall receive the lady from the hand of her father himſelf."

'I muſt have time however, Reynolds, to conſider of it. The arts of diſſimulation are what I have been ſo little accuſtom'd to practiſe, that I muſt fully ſatisfy myſelf as to the laudableneſs of the meaſure you

propose, before I can resolve to embark in it.'

The conversation was here suffer'd to drop: But the generous scruples suggested by Mr. F——, impress'd every one present with the most favourable idea of his character; for, altho' (the unreasonable prejudices of the knight consider'd) there appear'd nothing in the measure incompatible with the most honourable intentions; yet a good mind will naturally revolt at an act of disingenuousness, however plausible the motive might be. As we were none of us rigid enough to condemn a proposal suggested by the warmth of friendship, and calculated to secure the happiness of two worthy young persons, as well as ultimately to promote that of the father also, we could not but wish well to the

the cauſe: and, at parting, Mr. Reynolds aſſured us, he would reward our good wiſhes by a faithful relation of their ſucceſs.

CHAP. XVIII.

MY great grandfather, Timothy Treadlight, Esq. of loquacious memory, used to say, that to interrupt a man in the thread of his narrative was as bad as hitting him a flap on the face. So great indeed was that worthy gentleman's propensity to a circumstantial relation, that when he was once thoroughly set in for it, not even the most shrewd of his hearers could suggest any tolerable supposition as to the time of its ending. The most probable conjectures were

were uſually form'd from the manner of his knocking the aſhes out of his firſt pipe: it was obſerv'd, that if he perform'd this action in a ſlow, deliberate manner, the ſtory was likely to be of an immoderate length; and ſo *vice verſa*. Now, whether I inherit ſomething of the ſame diſpoſition by hereditary deſcent from my worthy anceſtor, I cannot determine; but, it is certain, when once got into a ſtory, I deteſt thoſe intervolutions by which the thread of it is in danger of being ſuſpended, juſt as if the attention of one's readers or hearers was a thing to be put off or on at pleaſure of the narrator, in the ſame manner as one uſes a huſſar coat. For this reaſon, I ſcorn to advert to any intermediate occurrence, till I have given a full and ſatisfactory information of all things relating to the

Grizzlech family, as far as they have come to my knowledge: and, in order to acquire materials for the neceſſary information, be it known, that I ceaſed not to perambulate the Eſplanade, or other places of public reſort, till chance once more threw in my way, my communicative acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, who perhaps diſcovering the limits of my curioſity in my face; or more probably meaſuring the extent of my impatience to hear the ſequel of his plan, by the exact ſtandard of his own impatience to communicate it, he immediately accoſted me with a ſmile, at the ſame time exclaiming,

"Well, my good Sir, the ſcheme takes admirably! the old fiſh ſwallows the bait." I introduced my friend to the knight as a virtuoſo, who

who had travelled purposely with the view of gratifying so refined a taste.

'Eh!' cried Sir Godfrey, eyeing him very attentively; 'I must confess, Reynolds, the gentleman has nothing of the antiquarian in his exterior.' Forbid he should, thought I, smiling a laugh as well as I could.

"Well, Sir," he resumed, "I am glad to see your friend, and it will be his own fault if we do not improve our acquaintance."

'You do me honour, Sir Godfrey,' said Mr. F——, who began to enter into the spirit of the character; 'to obtain the approbation of a gentleman of such nice discernment, cannot but be highly flattering to me.'

"Why, as to my diſcernment," with a ſelf-important air, "I think I have ſome little——but here I am loſt——abſolutely loſt among a ſet of triflers.

"The preſent age has no taſte for any thing but modern fripperies. When I was young, it was the faſhion to cultivate a reliſh for the beauties of antiquity; beauties, before which, the painting and ſculpture of our preſent artiſts ſhrink into nothing.

"Oh, the taſte of my countrymen is vilely degenerated! they will run to an auction, and give half they are worth for a ſet of jars or tea-cups: but ſhew them the admirable productions of Greece and Rome, they value them no more than a bit of dirt!

dirt! Oh, 'tis a vile degeneracy! I honour you, Sir," addreſſing Mr. F. "who, ſo young, have acquired a paſſion for things truly valuable."

'Your approbation, Sir Godfrey, gives me a ſenſible pleaſure; and I ſhall be happy in having the little judgment I poſſeſs properly directed by your conſummate abilities.'

"You may command my ſervice, F——, entirely. I own I ſhould be glad to contribute, as far as I am able, to the improving ſo excellent a diſpoſition, which, conſidering the modern characters of young men, I take to be a phænomenon; but, doubtleſs, Sir, you have during your travels made ſome collections of the antique."

'A few,'

"A few," replied F——, with an air of indifference.

"Aye, aye; I thought so; where are they? I am impatient to see them."

"Some trifles I have at my lodgings; but the greatest part are not yet arrived in England."

"Well, well! let us see if those you have are worth bringing? come, where do you lodge?"

He then accompanied us to Mr. F——'s lodgings. "Here," Sir Godfrey said, presenting him with a piece of a stone which I had luckily found broken from the capital of a Corinthian pillar; "here is a fragment taken from the ruins of the temple of Neptune on the isthmus of Corinth."

"Admir-

"Admirable!" cried he, in a tone of rapture; "Ah, here is a proof, a moſt divine proof, how far the antients ſurpaſs'd us! what delicacy in the turn! what execution is here!"

At this exclamation I had the utmoſt difficulty to repreſs my riſibility. As for poor F——, he actually look'd petrified with aſtoniſhment at the exceſſive credulity of the knight.

I found it was my part to be the chief actor in this ridiculous ſcene, which indeed prov'd of advantage to the plan, he readily imputing the paſſiveneſs of our new antiquary to timidity and deference for his ſuperior judgment. I then ſhew'd him a vaſe, which I had borrow'd of an old lady for the purpoſe; though in quality it was not unlike that ſpecies of earthen

earthen ware call'd Delft; it was of a form which manifeſtly ſet all modern elegance at defiance.

'See here,' ſaid I, 'a vaſe procured at an immenſe expence from the ruins of Pompeia.'

"Excellent! by my ſoul, in the preſervation! the moſt complete of the kind this day in England!"

Here his admiration of my friend could no longer be repreſs'd; he threw his arms around him; he even hugg'd him with ardour.

"Thou paragon of the age," he reſum'd, "thou mirror of fine taſte—I could wiſh——" here he paus'd, as if muſing on ſomething of importance.

I took

I took the opportunity of asking Mr. F——, if he had not also a Greek manuscript? but he, I suppose, thinking we had gone far enough, replied, he could not recollect where he had laid it.

"Not lost, I hope," said the knight; "but another time will do. I have been thinking——are you married, Sir?"

'I have not yet had that honour, Sir Godfrey.'

"And the brother of my lord F——, say you, Reynolds?"

'The very same.'

"A fine young gentleman, truly. Married! No, no! Souls of such a mould

mould are ſuperior to the whining cant of foolish lovers——dare ſay he would not be encumber'd with a wife."

On this occaſion my friend aſſum'd the right cue, and replied with much ſolemnity, that on ſome occaſions it was neceſſary to conform to the wiſhes of others. As Lord F. had no iſſue, it was probable that family reaſons would one day compel him to ſubmit to that mode of life.

"Aye, aye! family reaſons," cried Sir Godfrey, "with a plague to them. I married for family reaſons myſelf—let me ſee—I have a young wench to my daughter—I believe, as the girl is young, ſhe might be made a docile wife by proper management."

I began

I began now to be in the utmoſt terror, leſt the riſing raptures of the lover ſhould mar the whole plot. I gave him a ſignificant ſhake of the head; as much as to ſay, command yourſelf.

"Didſt ever ſee my Bett?" reſum'd the knight.

'I believe, I have had a ſlight view of the young Lady.'

"Well, think you, could you like her for a wife?"

My friend's tranſports were now abſolutely too powerful for articulation; to conceal his emotion I replied for him.

"As

"As to the perſon of a woman, Sir Godfrey, it is no very material object with your refined geniuſes."

'Right, right, Reynolds! not but that the girl's perſon is well enough.'

"Might I hope for an alliance with a gentleman of your worth," ſaid F——, at laſt in a tremulous voice, "it would be——"

'Hope,' interrupted Sir Godfrey, 'yes, yes, you may hope and depend alſo; for I give you my word you ſhall marry my Bett, provided you have no objection. 'Tis true I had ſome thoughts of giving her to an old acquaintance of mine; but I queſtion if ſhe would not like you the beſt of the two: however, I will anſwer

answer for her obedience. You shall dine with me to-morrow; Reynolds will accompany you; and I will take care you shall find a proper reception from my daughter."

Fortunately for us, the knight at that instant took an abrupt leave.—Had he stay'd longer, or been possess'd of a grain more of penetration than he has, the whole plot must have been blown, for the raptures of the happy lover really border'd on ecstacy.

'Well, Sir,' said I, impatient for the sequel, 'and the next day——.'

"Previously to it," he resum'd, "I had taken care to see Miss Grizzleden, whom I appriz'd of the whole procedure: when therefore Mr. F— was on the next day introduced to

her by her father, she conducted herself in such a manner, as gave the old gentleman full reason to suppose her compliance was the result of obedience to his commands.

And now, Sir, I had the satisfaction of beholding as happy a trio as ever existed: the lovers mutually exulting in their good fortune, and the father congratulating himself on his choice of a son-in-law. For my own part, though I might be allow'd to indulge a little vanity on the success of a measure plann'd solely by myself, yet I can truly assert the having contributed to the happiness of those whom I esteem, affords me a source of the most satisfactory reflections.

The

The conſequence of this viſit was entirely to the ſatisfaction of the lovers; for Mr. F—— having with his natural frankneſs fully ſtated his pecuniary circumſtances to the knight, the latter declared he would immediately ſettle two thouſand a year on them; and the reſt of his fortune they ſhould poſſeſs at his death.

There remain'd then nothing but the naming a time for the celebration of the marriage. Sir Godfrey would not allow of its taking place any where but at his own pariſh-church; it is therefore determined that Mr. F—— ſhall accompany him and his fair daughter to Grizzleden-Hall in the courſe of a few days. Lord F—— is requeſted to join them; and the marriage will then be ſolemnized without any delay."

I thank'd my communicative companion for his diverting relation, and paid him the compliments I thought due to the benevolence of his intentions, and the ingenuity of the plan by which he had ſucceeded therein; adding that, it was my opinion he merited one of the beſt wives in chriſtendom, as a reward for his pains.

As ſoon as I was alone I fell into a kind of deſultory meditation on the various modes of folly to which the human mind is obnoxious. The ſtudy of antiquity can never be in itſelf contemptible; but the affectation of it is highly ſo. As there is perhaps nothing excellent which has not at one time or other been abuſed; ſo a taſte highly commendable in itſelf has been expoſed to ridicule, through

the folly of superficial pretenders, who, dazzled by the lustre of that respect which is justly paid to those exalted geniuses, whose erudition, patience, and industry, have elucidated the progress of human knowledge, and contributed to the improvement of the useful and elegant sciences, they have weakly affected an imitation of the passion, while destitute either of the classical learning or abilities for the pursuit.

But while we laugh at the solemn fool who exhausts his time and purse in the accumulation of trifles, which common sense must despise; or in disquisitions which tend neither to utility or entertainment, let us venerate the labours of those whose researches must ever be valuable to every liberal and enlightened person.

The antiquarian taſte, without its concomitant abilities, will always be an object of deriſion: and juſtly is that man deſpiſed, who employs that aſſiduity in furniſhing a Muſeum, which ought to be exerted in a diſcharge of the relative and moral duties of life. In fine, he who is capable of diſcovering a greater regard for a Mummy than for a virtuous wife, child, or friend, deſerves to be made a mummy himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

I WILL not deny the exiſtence of pleaſure, let Moraliſts ſay what they will. The world, bad as it is, furniſhes entertainment to thoſe who come with a reliſh to the feaſt, tho' the want of ſtability is that melancholy fact which, like the ſword which a certain tyrant cauſed to be ſuſpended over the heads of his gueſts, very much abates the zeſt of enjoyment to thoſe who ſuffer their thoughts to dwell much on the ſubject. For my part, I am never willing to anticipate an evil, or leſſen

the

the force of a preſent felicity, by reflecting on its probable inſtability; for which reaſon, I enjoy'd thoſe ſocial pleaſures which, during my ſtay at Weymouth, fortune very kindly threw in my way with that hilarity of ſoul, which was certainly the beſt proof I could give of my gratitude for the ſame.

The young ſtudent of St. Omer's was the firſt of the agreeable party in whoſe ſociety I had enjoy'd what the poet calls 'the feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul,' whoſe departure I was compell'd to lament. Attach'd to his belov'd College, no aſſiduities of friendſhip; no pecuniary allurements could prevail with him to abandon his favourite retirement. With every qualification for ſhining in the *beau monde*, his philoſophic

mind

mind looks down ſuperior on that world, whoſe unſubſtantial enjoyments are at once the purſuit and the execration of the many.

The reſt of thoſe who had form'd my particular acquaintance began gradually to withdraw, as choice or buſineſs required. But hadſt not thou too, Eliza, quitted that place of faſhionable reſort? Yes, thy preſence no longer enliven'd to me the crowded walk, or the ſplendid ball-room: Scenes which now no more could pleaſe. I felt that void within my breaſt, which nothing but the tender ſympathy of friendſhip and eſteem has power to fill.

'Couſin Sarah,' ſaid I, 'I think every deſired ſatisfaction has accrued from this excurſion. It is time for us

to

to think of visiting once more our tranquil habitation."

My cousin's countenance flatly contradicted the assertion. She had that very morning order'd a new cap at the milliner's, in which she proposed to appear on the next ball-night; consequently, till that important business was effected, *every desired satisfaction* had not accrued to her. Thus it is that such a perpetual jingle of ideas occur among us children of mortality, as to a spectator of another order must make the business of life appear like a game of cross purposes.

"Bless me," she replied, "the Royal visitors are indeed departed; but yet the town is quite full!"

Here

Here was another jingle of ideas. Eliza had quitted Weymouth, which, on that account was, in my eſtimation, quite empty; but the vacuum was in my own breaſt. 'We will meet again, Eliza,' ſaid I to myſelf; 'ere the ſun has ſix times more darted his riſing beam on the boſom of yonder glaſſy wave, we will again exchange that extatic intercourſe of congenial ſentiments, beyond which, in the preſent circumſcription of the intellectual powers, I have no perception of bliſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

A Speculative mind loves to mark the progreſs of refinement: for inſtance, there is an unſpeakable pleaſure in drawing the line of compariſon between the preſent ſtate of Society and what it was four or five centuries back. What liberality of ſentiment oppoſed to the narrow ideas of our anceſtors! how infinitely does the elegance of our modes of life ſurpaſs theirs! 'tis true, they enjoy'd good plenty within their gloomy manſions; but could their coſtly piles of food vie with the taſte of a modern

table,

table, ſet out in the agreeable lightneſs of French cookery? But then in other matters, we are fairly got out of ſight of them. Not to mention the ſuperior cultivation of the underſtanding, the heart is ſo much improved, that could we take one of the preſent æra, and another of fifteen hundred, one would not ſuppoſe them to be of the ſame ſpecies! The *feelings*, the *ſentiments*, the *refined ſenſibility*, which make up the compoſition of an heart in our day—bleſs us, there is really no compariſon! Why, my dear Sir, we not only ſurpaſs our dull anceſtors, but even ourſelves. Our delicate perceptions elevate us above the ſcale of mortality. And, as to virtue! why we have fairly out-virtued it! I may make an alluſion to one of our Shakeſpear's expreſſions. All my fear is, that we

ſhall carry our refinements too far. In love, friendſhip, honour, &c. we have refined ſo much upon them, that it is a doubt with me, whether the eſſential qualities which compoſe them, being of a moſt ſubtile nature, have not evaporated in the proceſs? and whether in time we ſhall not refine them wholly away? Nay, I begin to ſuſpect, that the ſame may be the conſequences of our vices alſo; and that, by the way, was the very thing which led me into this train of reflection; for, happening to paſs by the door of an inn, I ſaw a perſon, habited like a porter, advancing towards another of the ſame order, with a moſt courteous aſpect, and an air perfectly genteel.

"I wiſh," ſaid he, with all the civility imaginable, "I wiſh, Sir, the

d—l

d—l would be ſo obliging as to take the trouble of fetching you to h—."

Now how vaſtly ſuperior was the ſtyle of this language to the uncouth phraſes of our forefathers! who, when they wiſh'd a man at the d—l, would bluntly out with it, without any of thoſe modifying terms of good-breeding, which give ſo agreeable a turn to the expreſſion.

Formerly a perſon's ears were ſhock'd with the aſperity of a certain exclamation, which, in the mouth of a modern gentleman, is modulated to "demme, Sir;" which certainly glides more ſmoothly off the tongue, and has nothing of that aſcerbity which, I ſhould think, rather detrimental to the enamel of a fine ſet of teeth.

As

As we are alſo daily refining on luxury, ſenſuality, and many other propenſities which moraliſts term vicious, who knows but in time they may ſhare the ſame fate as the virtues ſeem to have done among us, though I am not certain if they poſſeſs the fine eſſential ſpirit, which is ſo liable to evaporation in the other. And then you ſee, Sir, we ſhall be reduced to a mere ſtate of apathy, which will be an excellent mould for the admiſſion of freſh ſeeds. I think, in that caſe, it would be beſt to change the ſort, though I am puzzled to imagine where we ſhall find a new ſpecies of vice, as we have already imported every plant and ſeed of the kind that could poſſibly be found in any corner of the globe.

Now

Now when this event comes to paſs, I am delighted to think what an ample field of matter our new character will furniſh to the philoſopher and the hiſtorian. Nature ever ſportive, ſays the former, has in that northern iſland produced a race of beings totally different from every ſpecies of human nature that we are yet acquainted with, in reſpect of their intellectual formation. They appear wholly devoid of paſſions: neither virtues or vices have any exiſtence among them!

'The Engliſh,' ſays a writer of the latter claſs, 'were ever of ſo variable a character, that it was no eaſy taſk for the hiſtorian to define it. We have ſeen them fanatics in one age: Deiſts in the next: ferocious in a former period; effeminate in a

latter. But in the reign of George the Fourth, a moſt ſtriking phænomenon ſeems diſcoverable in that kingdom. The people ſeem to have loſt thoſe ſenſations which animate the reſt of mankind. They can neither be ſaid to diſcover a propenſity to any virtue or vice: and what ſome ſchoolmen have dream'd of the ſleep of the ſoul, ſeems realiz'd here. One happy conſequence is however deducible from their preſent characteriſtic apathy, namely, the diſſolution of the monſter Faction, which appears to have originated in that iſland, and often has been known to ſubvert the beſt meaſures which human wiſdom could deviſe for the welfare of the body politic.'

Here

Here my ideal hiſtorian was inclined to introduce ſome political reflections, which as I reſolve never to defile my pen with, ſhall be ſuppreſs'd.

"What can you be writing, couſin Joſeph?" cried my couſin.

'A farrago of nonſenſe,' ſaid I.

CHAP. XXI.

THE human mind, it has been obſerv'd, muſt ever have ſome object ſuſpended in its view, for the exerciſe of the nobler affections. If it be ſo, I can readily excuſe my couſin's attachment to a lap-dog, a parrot, &c. which tho' it may ſometimes occaſion inconvenience to thoſe about her; when in a reflective mood I feel myſelf inclined to reſpect, rather than condemn with that petulance

petulance of ſatire, which has generally been caſt on ſuch propen ties; ſince I conſider it but a diverſification of thoſe affections, which, in a certain connection, branch forth into the amiable charities of wife and mother.

Now, as my couſin has, either from choice or neceſſity, paſs'd thro' life without forming any ſuch connection; and as the heart, except it be a bad one, muſt love ſomething, why may ſhe not be indulged the liberty of ſelecting her objects from among the irrational creation. I only regret that ſuch a woman as my couſin, and many more of her ſex, whoſe boſoms are equally open to the tender affections, ſhould by unfortunate contingencies have been deprived of the opportunity of exer-

ciſing them in a proper channel; for I never ſee a venerable maiden of fifty, or threeſcore, laviſhing her fondneſs on birds, &c. but I immediately think how happy the children of ſuch a mother muſt have been in the conſtant enjoyment of that attentive tenderneſs, which, to the diſgrace of the ſex, is not always exerted when it ought to be. How bleſt the huſband of ſuch a woman, who certainly would have repaid his regard with every becoming ſentiment!

Impreſs'd with theſe ideas, I very obſequiouſly regarded a huge monkey, which my couſin had lately purchaſed: and therefore, on the morning of our departure from Weymouth, moſt cordially made room for him in the chaiſe, at her par-

particular requeſt, that Pug might be admitted as our travelling companion.

'Certainly,' I replied; 'and I am only ſorry, couſin, that ſome years ago you had not made choice of a different object for the exerciſe of your tenderneſs, if it had been,' continued I, laughing, 'but a monkey of a ſuperior ſpecies.'

"If I muſt have choſen a monkey," return'd ſhe, ſmiling, "I own I ſhould have preferr'd a native of the woods to one of the human ſpecies:—however," a little gravely, "there was a time——"

'I underſtand you,' interrupted I; 'and ſince we are got on the ſubject, couſin, I cannot help expreſſing a

ſurprize, that a lady ſo ſuſceptible of every amiable feeling, choſe not to form a tender connection.'

Here a ſoft ſigh heav'd my couſin's gentle boſom; and, after a little pauſe, ſhe reſum'd ſomewhat in a penſive accent,

"There are contingencies in life to which our choice muſt ſubmit. My father poſſeſs'd ſome peculiar notions; but you can't remember him: no, you were but a boy at the time of his death."

'I am not a ſtranger to my uncle's character: upon the whole, I think it was a good one.'

"It was. Nay the meaſure which I once thought gave me a right to com-

complain, proceeded, I am assured, from excess of tenderness to me. You have heard of our aunt Dorothy, cousin Joseph?"

'Often; and seldom without a pathetic reflection on the severity of her fate, though I forget the particulars of her story.'

"It merited the most heart-felt pity. She was, you know, my father's only and beloved sister; and, at an early age, had married a gentleman, who pass'd for what is call'd a good kind of man; that is, he had no vices which the world was acquainted with: but, alas! a fatal propensity to the basest of them, was his real, though secret character. He did not want wit; and was so profound an adept in the arts of dissimulation,

mulation, as effectually to impose on the discernment of my aunt and her friends. In a word, she married him in so hasty a manner, as wholly to neglect the having any part of her fortune secured to herself; though, as both she, and the whole family, had the most perfect reliance on his honour and tenderness, it was a circumstance which gave them no uneasiness."

'It was an imprudent precipitation,' interrupted I.

"It could not be defended, cousin; though the consideration I have named might palliate it. But to proceed. The marriage ceremony had not long taken place, when, to the grief and surprize of every one of our family, the deceiver threw off

the

the maſk, and diſcover'd that his own circumſtances were deeply involv'd by debts; to pay which, the greateſt part of my aunt's fortune was already expended, and the remainder within a ſhort time after, he wholly loſt at the gaming table. And, to add to the grief of this unfortunate woman, ſhe had the mortification of perceiving herſelf totally diſregarded, and even brutally treated by the man whom ſhe lov'd in the tendereſt extreme."

'Poor woman! But how was it poſſible ſuch a baſe deception could have eſcap'd the previous penetration of a perſon of my uncle's ſagacity!'

"Rather aſk the queſtion, couſin Joſeph, why honeſty and integrity of heart is never ready to ſuſpect the exiſtence

exiſtence of qualities which it does not find within itſelf? Perhaps it may be ſaid, that villains only are the moſt capable of penetrating the maſk of villany; though the maxims of prudence indeed injoin us to conſider even an honeſt man as a rogue, till we are thoroughly convinced of the contrary."

'Tis an illiberal maxim,' ſaid I; 'and I think a generous mind had rather ſuffer ſome impoſitions, than carry ſo vile a ſuſpicion about with it. But pray how did he acquit himſelf under that indigence he had procured?'

"Exactly as might have been expected from ſuch a mind; that is, when he had involv'd his amiable wife in the deepeſt diſtreſs, he completed

pleted his brutal conduct, by baſely deſerting her: and had ſhe not fortunately been bleſt with a tender brother, ſhe muſt doubtleſs have ſuffer'd the utmoſt that penury could inflict. But her wounded peace, no aſſiduities, no ſympathies of friendſhip, could reſtore. She had tenderly loved the author of her ruin; nay, ſhe ſtill lov'd him."

'Was that,' cried I, 'poſſible!'

"You are a ſtranger to the breaſt of a truly virtuous woman, couſin, if you doubt it. Such an one, married purely from motives of affection, has withdrawn her regard from all the world beſides; ſhe ſees nothing deſirable in it but the man of her choice. A regard thus founded, not on caprice, but the moſt refined principles,

ciples, cannot be wholly withdrawn, even though the object of it makes an unſuitable return."

Something was amiſs in the hinder wheel of the carriage. The poſtilion made a ſtop. "I will get out," ſaid I, "and ſee what is the matter."

'Only the linch-pin is looſen'd, Sir; I ſhall ſoon ſet it to rights.'

So indeed he did. In a few minutes he remounted his horſe. My couſin reſum'd her narrative.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

"THREE years had nearly paſs'd before my aunt heard any tidings of her unworthy huſband; tho', from the beſt accounts, it was ſuppoſed he had gone to the Continent. A letter at length arrived from him, which painted a picture of the deepeſt diſtreſs: he therein inform'd her, that having long ſtruggled with penury and ſickneſs, he was then in a wretched lodging on the borders of Spain, ſuffering every ſpecies of miſery that human nature

nature could endure. In fine, after artfully apologizing for his former conduct, and gliding all with the moſt ardent proteſtations of affection, he concluded by ſoliciting a ſmall remittance, as a mean of preſerving him from the horrors of dying by abſolute want.

There needed not the tears of a beloved ſiſter to prevail with my father in behalf of the requeſt. His own feelings would have ſuggeſted the neceſſary relief; for he had one of the moſt humane diſpoſitions in the world. A handſome ſum was immediately prepar'd for the uſe of that unworthy man: but little did any one ſuſpect that my aunt had form'd the reſolution of being the bearer of it. Such indeed ſhe had, nor could any remonſtrances of her friends

friends prevail with her to recede from it. To their arguments ſhe firmly replied, "that ſuch a meaſure was her duty; and no reſentment of paſt injuries, or dread of future ones, ſhould move her to ſwerve from it. In ſhort, ſhe departed. My father, in the laſt embrace he ever gave her, bedew'd her face with his tears, and certainly felt, good man, a *preſentiment* of what was ſoon to follow.

This noble, this heroic woman! ſo let me call her, arrived at the village where her huſband lay, in the extreme of wretchedneſs. Her tender cares, and the benefaction of my father, at length reſtored him. But would you imagine there was in human nature a capability of ſuch baſeneſs! No ſooner was he reſtored to health, through the kind relief of

conjugal affection, than he found means to obtain from his wife the remainder of the money ſhe had brought for his aſſiſtance: and, leaving her one morning in the ſoft repoſe of conſcious innocence and virtue, he again deſerted his faithful wife, his benefactreſs, the preſerver of his life, and expoſed her, deſtitute of even a ſingle ſhilling, to the extremes of penury in a diſtant land, without one friend at hand to afford relief.'

Here my couſin pauſed, to give vent to her tears: mine copiouſly flow'd; nay, I ſobb'd audibly, and I am not aſhamed to own it. That heart would be unworthy thy acceptance, Eliza, which refuſed to bleed at an injury done to any of thy ſex.

'Proceed,'

'Proceed,' ſaid I, in a tremulous voice; 'proceed, couſin, with the ſad ſequel.'

"It was ſoon at hand," reſumed ſhe: "ſenſibility of ſoul, united to extreme delicacy of frame, was ill calculated to endure ſuch a complication of baſeneſs, injuries, and miſery. My poor aunt meditated a return to her native country to the arms of her affectionate relations, ſubſiſting for ſome days on the hoſpitable aſſiſtance of the villagers as ſhe went along. But the cord which bound the moſt faithful of human hearts was broken! Oppreſs'd with ſorrow and fatigue, ſhe ſunk on the ground, a few paces from the gate of a convent. The pious ſiſterhood receiv'd her in the expanded arms of charity and compaſſion: and here it

was ſhe receiv'd the laſt offices of human kindneſs. The hour was come. Her gentle ſpirit aſcended to the ſociety of beings noble, benevolent, and good as herſelf. But ſurely it muſt one day ſtand a dreadful witneſs at the bar of divine juſtice againſt the perpetrator of ſuch accumulated baſeneſs!"

'We are ſure of retribution there,' ſaid I, 'for crimes which now elude the cognizance of human laws.'

After a ſilence, which neither of us ſeem'd for ſome time diſpoſed to interrupt, my couſin thus went on:—

"The melancholy fate of a ſiſter, tenderly and juſtly beloved, affected my poor father in the deepeſt manner. I was his only child. He loved

me

me with extreme fondneſs, and uſed to ſay, I reſembled in perſon my unfortunate aunt. As I grew up, he would frequently expreſs the moſt painful apprehenſions, leſt I ſhould place my affections, like herſelf, on ſome object who would return it with ingratitude. Often, as he was folding me in his arms, he would exclaim, while the tears roll'd down his cheeks, "Would it were poſſible, my dear child, for parental foreſight to ſecure the happineſs of thy future life! but what precautions can be effectual? Couldſt thou reſolve never to marry, all might be well!"

I was too young to be capable of making thoſe reflections on my aunt's misfortunes which he, good man, wiſh'd me to do; and before I had acquired that power, there

chanced to be in our neighbourhood a young gentleman who deserv'd, and also obtain'd, my tenderest regard.

He was design'd for holy orders. His father, the dean of ——, was immensely rich; and, besides, possess'd such connections as render'd it extremely probable, his son would one day arrive to high preferment in the church. He was a youth of accomplish'd manners; of an understanding finely cultivated; and a temper certainly the most amiable. As he was perfectly free from the vices, so he appear'd superior even to the common levities of the age.

Our attachment was mutual. The dean, his father, applied to mine on the subject. There could possibly be

no

no reaſonable objection; yet my father would never give his conſent; and I honour'd him too much to enter on the matrimonal life in open defiance of it. Still, however, the ardour of our affections ſubſiſted, ſupported ſometimes by perſonal interviews; at others, by an epiſtolary correſpondence; and enliven'd by a hope, tho' of the moſt diſtant kind, that my father would at laſt be prevail'd on to conſent to an union which was ſo agreeable to the relations of both parties, himſelf only excepted.

In this manner we had paſs'd nearly ſeven years, when my father was ſeiz'd with a malady which the phyſicians declared would prove mortal. In the intervals of his pain, he frequently ſpoke on the ſubject of

marriage, and expreſs'd the greateſt anxiety leſt I ſhould engage in that ſtate. I commonly ſoothed his apprehenſions with every palliative, except an abſolute promiſe of celibacy. As the hour approached which terminated his life, he became viſibly diſtreſs'd: the agitation of his mind was indeed exceſſive. As I was one day ſitting bathed in tears by his bed-ſide, he ſaid to me, in a voice which I ſhall never forget, "Sarah, wouldſt thou in reality ſoothe a father's paſſage to the tomb? doſt thou unfeignedly deſire that he ſhould deſcend to the grave in peace?"

'Would I deſire! my dear and honour'd father,' cried I, 'Oh heavens!'

"Then

"Then promise me, that you will never marry!"

My heart trembled at the requisition. But I beheld his venerable frame shook by the emotions of an agonized mind. I met his dying eyes reproaching me for withholding the only consideration that could administer peace to his departing soul, which but for an excess of paternal tenderness, would have met death with serenity.

'If that will make you easy, my father,' I replied, 'I do promise it.'

"Do you promise!" cried he, in an accent which express'd a doubt of my sincerity.

'Yes!'

"Yes!" I reiterated, firmly; "I do promiſe you, in the preſence of Heaven, never to marry!"

"Then I die happy!" he exclaim'd, claſping his emaciated and lifeleſs hands; "I thank thee, my child; thou haſt given reſt to my ſpirit; and mayſt thou be rewarded with eternal bleſſings!"

In a few hours after this, he breathed his laſt, with ſuch ineffable compoſure, as was, in my eſtimation, an abundant compenſation for the ſacrifice I had made. The happy conſequences convinced me, how nearly the point had lain at his heart; and the conſciouſneſs of having bleſt a father's lateſt hour, fill'd me with a ſatisfaction not to be expreſs'd, however dear it coſt me to effect it.

As

As ſoon as the funeral ſolemnities were over, I wrote to Mr. S——, informing him of what had paſs'd, and pointing out the neceſſity of reſolving to ſee each other no more. I have ſtill the letter which he ſent me in reply. Such a letter, couſin Joſeph, expreſſive of that refinement of ſoul, which no man, I believe, but himſelf could poſſeſs. A thouſand times have I folded it to my heart, with my eyes ſwimming in tears! but ſome day I will ſhew it you.'

'Pray do ſo,' ſaid I, laying my hand on her's, to enforce the requiſition more energetically.

"I am ſure it would make you weep," reſum'd ſhe, ſighing. A ſhort pauſe enſued; my couſin then,

A

as if recollecting herſelf, went on:—

After this event, Mr. S—— retired to a benefice he poſſeſs'd in South Wales; and never would be prevail'd on to accept of any other, though he might have been choſen one of the prebends of D——, a ſhort time after. However, as I ſaid he rejected all preferment, and paſs'd a recluſe life on the living I have mentioned, it was worth about three hundred per annum, and ſituated in a retired part of the country: yet here he choſe to confine himſelf chiefly to the amuſement of books; though by continual acts of benevolence, he render'd himſelf highly uſeful, and ſincerely reſpectable, throughout the whole neighbourhood. I am told, his conſtant demeanour was of the moſt affable and courteous kind, marked with a penſiveneſs

ſrveneſs which gave an agreeable ſe-
rioufneſs to his manner, extremely
intereſting to the few whom he choſe
to viſit. Alas, couſin Joſeph! he
was once the moſt cheerful and inno-
cently gay of human beings."

"And does he ſtill reſide there?"

"He is no more on earth! It is
about ſix years ago that I received
the information of his having fallen a
victim to a cold, caught as he went
one ſtormy night to perform the du-
ties of his function to a poor neigh-
bour. He bequeath'd me his gold
repeater, his picture in miniature,
and his laſt benediction; which, with
his expiring breath, he gave in charge
to a friend, who faithfully remitted
them to me."

Here

Here my couſin was ſilent. She applied her handkerchief to her eyes; then replaced it on her lap, as if ſhe felt a ſort of parſimony in her ſorrow, and was unwilling to exhauſt thoſe precious tears, in the indulgence of which, if I miſtake not, ſhe finds in many a lonely hour, a banquet of the moſt ineffable nature; a banquet, which if the Reader has never taſted, I ſuſpect he will find but little entertainment in this chapter.

'And haſt thou,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'my worthy relative, carried ſecretly in thy boſom a wounded heart? would I had ſuſpected as much before! I would then have pour'd the oil of ſympathy over thy tender ſorrows, rather than have made thy little peculiarities of temper the ſubject of my ſatire or mirth, as too often

often I fear I have moſt wantonly done.'

I could only fold her paſſive hand with a tender emotion in both my own; but that preſſure, gentle as it was, emphatically expreſs'd my feelings. My couſin was ſenſible of it, and thank'd me with a ſmile of gratitude.

To alleviate the ſorrow of another is not always within the compaſs of our ability; to feel them is ever in our power; and the conviction of their being ſo felt, is often the moſt lenient balſam that can be adminiſter'd to the ſufferer.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

IT has been ſaid, that the temporary ſeparation of lovers heightens the ardour of the paſſion; which, ſuppoſing it to be merely of the ſenſual kind, may admit of propriety in the obſervation. But ſuch an one as mine to thee, Eliza!——Soft, let me not affect a refinement above human nature, by denying that when that amiable woman approach'd the carriage to receive my couſin, when the chaiſe ſtopp'd at the door of her bro-

brother's houſe, I thought her more charming than ever: but then, if there was more of animation in her countenance, more of grace in her whole figure than I thought I had ever diſcover'd before, I am convinc'd it was entirely owing to thoſe feelings of urbanity and hoſpitality which the occaſion excited in her breaſt, and render'd the attitude of her perſon ſo inimitably pleaſing. One hand cordially extended to conduct her viſitor to the houſe; the head courteouſly inclined, while every feature of the face was engaged in expreſſing an unaffected welcome. 'Twas infinitely graceful; and I am aſſured it receiv'd its finiſhing from that property ſo much overlook'd, or ſo meanly conſider'd; the property Good-nature. By the way, I profeſs myſelf at a loſs to know why that

expreſſion ſhould have fallen ſo much into diſeſteem as it ſeems to have done in the preſent age, ſince there is certainly no term in our language, or perhaps in any other ſo copiouſly expreſſive of every mental excellence.

Good-nature, imagine what you will of, amiable or noble in the human ſoul, it is indicated in the term; not but that I am aware of there being a common acceptation of it much more limited: but ſince it evidently is capable of ſo liberal a conſtruction, why ſhould we not always give it the full and juſt ſenſe?

The word *Humanity* has crept much into vogue, for the indication of a refined and generous nature: but I aver, let lexicographers ſay what

what they will, that it is by no means ſo copious, or ſo proper an expreſſion. *Humanity*, ſtrictly ſpeaking, may imply the infirmities as well as excellencies of our nature; but I defy the moſt ingenious to give ſuch a turn to my favourite term Good-nature.

Tuſh! what have I to do with verbal criticiſms?

A quarter paſt ſix; the ſun newly riſen, peeping through my window curtains; a tall cypreſs in the garden illumin'd with the ruddy beam, was waving its ſpiry top before my window; to ſleep, impoſſible!

Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than nature craves? when every ſweet,
And every blooming pleaſure waits without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk!

THOMPSON.

Repeating theſe lines aloud, I immediately aroſe, and in a few minutes was in the garden, where I expected to have wander'd alone; but

was

was agreeably ſurpriz'd at the ſight of Eliza, ſeated in an arbour of eglantine, with a book in her hand. How opportunely things now and then happen!

"I ſcarcely expected your company at ——," ſaid ſhe.

'And did you doubt, Eliza?' anxiouſly.

"Pſhaw!" with a ſmile admirably calculated to repreſs ſome emotions which ſhe perceiv'd her ſuggeſtion had excited, "I only mean that I thought you would not ſo ſoon have left Weymouth."

'And what could I *now* find there worthy of my attention?'

"'Tis a point we will not ſtop to inveſtigate," cried ſhe, bluſhing. "What ſay you to a walk this morning to the cottage where the good Fanny and her William reſide?"

'Surely,' cried I, 'the raptures of love when join'd to thoſe of benevolence, muſt form a compoſition too divine for the enjoyment of a mortal!'

Eliza laughing at my rhapſody, aroſe and led the way. A quarter of an hour brought us to the cottage, where we found the innocent and happy family at breakfaſt; not indeed ſipping the fragrant infuſion of the Chineſe leaf, nor was their table adorn'd with the porcelain of Nanking, but ſpread with the wholeſome viands of brown bread, and the produce

duce of their little dairy. At our arrival, an artleſs pleaſure beam'd in every countenance; nor was it with the *affectation* of cordiality that we took our ſeats among the worthy party. Among other rural incidents, the good old man told us he had lately purchaſed a cow for his Fanny, and a team and a plough for the uſe of her huſband; and then added, with the energy of heart-felt content,

"We are now, Sir, as happy a family as any in the whole world."

It was an expreſſion of vaſt latitude; but I could eaſily credit the aſſertion. 'And what art thou, faſtidious ſpectre!' cried I, 'who walkeſt with a bag of idle pelf in one hand, and the vizard of falſe pleaſure in

the other, deceiving by thy wiles the unwary ſons of men; I ſee thee now ſhrunk into nothing!'

The apoſtrophe was unintelligible to all but Eliza, who had ſeen enough of my character, not to diſcover any ſurprize at the habit of thinking aloud. A ſweet ſmile at once expreſs'd her indulgence of my humour, and an approbation of the ſentiment it had indicated.

'Suppoſe,' ſaid I, 'my worthy Fanny, you were miſtreſs of two cows, inſtead of one; could you not manage them, think you?'

"I ſhould not fear that, Sir," ſhe replied, modeſtly; "but I am content with one."

'That

'That is the very reaſon which renders you deſerving of a couple. Your good huſband,' continued I, putting a bank-note in his hand, 'will permit me to depoſit this trifle in his care, for the purpoſe of making ſome addition to your dairy; which I am convinced will be the beſt managed of any in the country.'

This compliment on his Fanny's œconomical abilities, excited a ſmile of grateful complacency in the countenance of William. He thanked me with a grace which would have done honour to one of a more ſuperior ſtation.

"May you both be rewarded!" cried the grateful father, following us to the door as we bade them good-morrow. He ſeem'd to labour for an

an expreſſion adequate to the feelings of his generous heart; none more emphatic could occur to him; none more emphatic needed to have been ſought than that which he utter'd on the occaſion; I hear it now; it ſtill vibrates on my ear.

"May you be as bleſt in each other," added he, "as my William and Fanny!"

I lov'd him from my ſoul for the ſentiment, and gave it aloud a moſt cordial Amen. 'And why ſhould we doubt of its being ſo, my Eliza?' ſaid I, as ſoon as we had withdrawn a few paces from the door; 'our boſoms ever ſhut as now to the encroachments of ambition, and every paſſion inimical to peace, can know no ſenſation but that of love; love

pure

pure refined, such as ſuperior intelligencies may own, and triumph in the feeling.'

I know not what, in the ardour of my ſoul, I ſaid beſide, nor perhaps has the Reader any curioſity to be told, though it is poſſible he may imagine ſomething like it. It has been obſerv'd, that ſimilar ſouls naturally fall into ſimilarity of thought; which affords a very comfortable conſideration, and may ſave a writer a great deal of time and paper, and the Reader a world of trouble, in peruſing what he juſt as well could ſuggeſt himſelf. The fertility of human invention has happily ſucceeded in almoſt every manual art to the ſaving a waſte of pains and labour. And why may not this obſervation become of equal importance to the

art

art of writing? the practical uſe of which, I preſume, my brethren of the ſcribbling tribe will be happy to avail themſelves of: though whether the bookſellers may ſo well approve of it, is another matter.

Bleſs me, what a digreſſion is here! from the ſoft tale of love, by a moſt eccentric tranſition, am I got among the bookſellers!

"Hold, Sir," cries that grave-looking gentleman, who ſits poring over a heap of manuſcripts! "the tranſition is not ſo extraordinary as you may imagine. There is between your lovers and bookſellers a more intimate connection than ſuperficial obſervers are apt to conclude. Cupid, Sir, has inſpired more volumes than Apollo. What are the comparatively

ratively few folios and octavos which fill the ſhelves of the learned, to the multitude of duodecimos which are daily iſſuing from the preſs, to complete the capacious circulating libraries throughout the kingdom! Believe me, love makes many an author, who but for ſuch inſpiration, would have ſuffer'd their amazing talents to lie unknown to the world or themſelves."

'O' my conſcience, Sir, I believe you are in the right; for, on comparing certain events and conſequences together, I began to ſuſpect that I myſelf ſhould never have obliged the world with theſe prodigiouſly *clever* chapters, if I had not chanced to fall in love. And, as I verily believe, I ſhall be in love as long as I live, it is juſt the ſame thing as ſaying I ſhall con-

continue to write as long as I live.—All my fear is, that ſuch mighty effuſions of genius, may, in time, exhauſt the number of Readers. In ſuch a caſe, I ſhall be forced to write for poſterity. I will not preciſely adopt the ſame latitude of expreſſion as the painter, who ſaid *æternitati pingo.*'

'I come this inſtant, Madam,' cried I to my couſin, who had been for a quarter of an hour vociferating that the chaiſe was ready. I had not told Eliza half of what I had in my mind, nor ſhould I have done, tho' I had ſat by her ſide

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day.——

But

But we will meet again, I truſt to part no more, while the vital current animates this ardent breaſt. Ye ſtars! ye deſtinies! who preſide over the affairs of mortals, haſten I beſeech ye the deſired hour, when Eliza, blooming, virtuous, ſhall be all my own; and from the union of our hands ſhall riſe a pure ineffable union of ſoul; than paſſion more refined; than friendſhip more exalted; rivalling ſeraphic ſentiment—laſting as immortality itſelf.

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